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IN BOSTON.

*Sophomore:* YOU'VE A VERY ACCOMMODATING BABY, COUSIN PRISCILLA.  
*Mrs. B.:* WHAT IS HE DOING NOW?  
*Sophomore:* CORRECTING MY THESIS IN PHILOSOPHY.

## STERLING SILVER.



The style of finish of silverware is always a matter of taste. Repousse chasing is very popular, and hammered silver with applied work, technically called "applique," still holds its rank, while the plain burnished and satin finished find admirers everywhere. This wide divergence of taste is naturally due to the knowledge that a piece of silverware never goes out of fashion. Indeed, old silverware is cherished and valued in many families far beyond its intrinsic worth; while a piece of silver that has been handed down from generation to generation, has a value not to be reckoned by dollars and cents.

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All parts entering into details of construction manufactured on the premises.

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BROADWAY, 47th TO 48th ST., NEW YORK.



### BLANKET WRAPS.

For Steamer Wear,  
For the Bath,  
For the Nursery,  
For the Sick-Room,  
For Sleeping Cars,  
For Traveling, For Men,  
Women, Children, and for Baby.

\$2.75 to \$35.00.

—AT—  
**NOYES BROS.**

THESE WRAPS are made from English and Scotch Shawls, Vicuna Wool Blankets, finest California Blankets and English and French Flannels.

For the Sick-room or the Nursery, For the Bath, or For Morning and Night Use Generally.

Those having occasion to be up nights will find them indispensable.

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Athletic Club Men

always want the best of everything, and many have already acknowledged the superiority of Grosvenor's Bell-cap-sic Plasters in curing weaknesses brought on by sudden strains or sprains. They cure weak backs and sideaches, and all soreness of chest resulting from exposure or sudden cold. One trial will convince you of this. Compare the Bell-cap-sic with any other plaster, liniment or lotion. You can't help recognizing their superiority as a pain reliever and support—refuse all imitations, sold under similar sounding names, and insist on receiving Grosvenor's

### Bell-cap-sic Plaster.

For Sale by Druggists generally.  
Grosvenor & Richards, Boston.

## BURNETT'S WOOD VIOLET.



This exquisite perfume is made from the true violets and the low price of this article makes it a necessity to those who love the flower. Also

Perfume of Garden Heliotrop.  
Perfume of Southern Jasmine.  
Perfume of English Sweet-Will.

For Sale at Retail at the following Prices

Small Size, Gold Plated Sprinkler Top,	35
Four Ounce Bottle, Glass Stopper,	75
El. bt " " " "	\$1.50
Sixteen " " " "	2.50

For sale generally in New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, and all LARGE CITIES & TOWNS, by dealers in fine perfumery. If your druggist does not keep it, send 12 cents and we will send a good-sized sample of any of the above perfumes by mail, securely packed, post paid, to any address.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,

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HIGHEST GRADE ONLY.

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*She*: MISS RODNEY ALWAYS LOOKS WELL FOR ONE WHO HAS SO LITTLE TO DRESS ON.  
*He*: YES, SHE IS RATHER THIN.

## AT THE SIGNAL SERVICE BUREAU.

"WHAT shall we predict in New York, General Greely, for to-morrow?"

"Well, let's see; what did we predict for to-day?"

"Colder and clear weather."

"And what are they getting?"

"A heavy rain since yesterday afternoon."

"H'm; this is the middle of February, isn't it?"

"No, sir; it's early in April."

"Well, give them varying temperature, with high winds."

"But, General, that's what we have been giving them for nearly three weeks, and they never get it."

"Dear, dear! How annoying! You say it is raining there to-day?"

"Yes, sir. A warm, heavy rain."

"Then predict for to-morrow fair weather with light winds, possibly colder in the afternoon."

## ALWAYS LEFT.

ALTHOUGH my heart's been oft awlirl,  
 It happened thus, you see:  
 I always chanced to love the girl  
 Who didn't care for me.





"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XV.

APRIL 10, 1890.

No. 380.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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JOHNSTOWN'S great flood has made every subsequent disaster dwindle by contrast. Long may it maintain its unhappy pre-eminence! All the same, the tornado which toppled over and swept away so large a chunk of Louisville was a very serious calamity, which may be deplored even now, at a distance of nearly a fortnight from its happening. Brother Watterson, down there, has a reputation of heroic size as a newspaper man. Such occurrences as this tornado make one wonder whether his greatness has not been thrust upon him. There is so much news in Kentucky that it seems a question sometimes whether a Louisville editor can help being great. With homicides always in season in the highest social circles; with the whole population interested in horse, and races recurring at convenient intervals, there was hardly need for Nature to make the sort of misdeal that happened last month in order to have matter to put in the papers. Do Louisville editors grow great on news as vagrant pigs grow fat where acorns are plentiful, or is it that they have to struggle so to keep abreast of the lively times about them that protracted and strenuous endeavor makes them strong? Let the argumentors wrestle with the problem. What the facts are we know.

IT is interesting to see the ingenious Mr. Warner tackle in a contemporary magazine the question of the responsibility for the sins of the current American newspaper. There is a consensus of opinion among respectable and conservative citizens that in several particulars the American newspaper is somewhat more of a newspaper than it ought to be. Very few people complain of its sins of omission, but the growling is pretty constant over the things that it does. Mr. Warner himself is well known to be implicated in the commission of a daily newspaper that preys upon the social and commercial life of the city of Hartford in Connecticut. It is not to be expected, therefore, that he should condemn newspapers in a lump; nor does he. He only complains that some of the most sensational and objectionable journals are the ones that

have the largest circulation, and that such papers are bought, not only by the great multitude of those who know no better, but by a considerable crowd of readers who do know better, and who spend some precious moments every day in censuring the execrable taste of the journals that they continue nevertheless to purchase in the morning and afternoon respectively. Of course, the great remedy for bad newspapers, a remedy that is almost always effectual, is not to buy them, not to read them, and not to have them in the house. No one need go without a newspaper because he won't read a bad one. In almost all cities there are good ones, and if worse comes to worse, he can take the *Congressional Globe* as long as it continues. He may miss some bits of news, to be sure, but he will never know it.

THERE used to be a species of prescription that was called the Blunderbuss style, because the physicians who resorted to it loaded therein a large variety of drugs with the expectation that some one of them would catch and cope with the ailment they wished to dislodge. Most American newspapers that aim at large circulation are made up a good deal on the blunderbuss plan, the aim being to have something for a great variety of readers. If the parson would only stick to the pieces that are meant for him and keep out of the sporting column, and if the young ladies could be induced to overlook the police court news and stick to the miscellany and the fashion article, there would not be so much trouble. The difficulty is that everyone is liable to get his thumb in somebody else's pie.

IT is more or less painful to see Prince Bismarck go out of office. Years of anxious labor have probably spoiled his chances of finding any fun in leisure. Some one remarked the other day that a man who once became a confirmed athlete usually had to keep up his exercises as long as he could get about, under pain of bad feelings whenever he stopped. It gets to be much the same with us workingmen by the time we get to be Bismarck's age. Plenty of good fun is spoiled by acquiring settled habits of work. Work is pleasant enough, of course, and recreation, too; but leisure to a person educated to it is delightful, and though it may not pay, at least it is picturesque.

MANY a man makes his fame out of the most unexpected materials. Who ever thought of General Schenck without thinking at once of poker? And yet General Schenck's poker was only an incident in a pretty active life.



AT THE OPERA.

*She:* IT SEEMS TO ME PATTI DOES NOT SING AS WELL THIS SEASON AS SHE USED TO.

*He:* NO? POSSIBLY HER VOICE TOOK THE "FAREWELL TOUR" BUSINESS SERIOUSLY AND WENT BACK TO WALES WITHOUT HER.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE DAY.

AN Irishman, full of enthusiasm and the "cratur," was walking along a street in Boston on St. Patrick's Day, and yelling "Hoorra for St. Patrick! Hoorra for Ireland!"

A Yankee walking in front turned around and in a disgusted tone, said: "Hurrah for H-ll!"

"All right," replied the Irishman, "every man for his own country!"

FIFTEEN inmates have just been admitted to the deaf and dumb asylum, and "still" they come.

THE "flower" that was "born to blush unseen," was probably a wall-flower.



"A HIGH RENT."

HOW THE CONSCIENTIOUS SUFFER.

WIFE: William, the harness is so far gone at the traces that I am afraid to go out driving until it has been repaired.

HUSBAND (*wearily*): Another bill!

WIFE (*despondently*): So many small expenses!

HUSBAND (*brightening*): Now's the time to lend the horse to the minister.

CHEMICAL.

THERE was sorrow among the gods when Iodide of Potassium, and cannibalism on earth when Bicarbonate of Soda

WELL, I'll be blowed—remarked the bass horn as the band began to play.

## CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

THOUGH not happy, precisely,  
I'll venture to say:  
They agree very nicely,  
When she has her way.



## "THE LAWTON GIRL."

SOMEONE called Harold Frederic's first novel a step into a fruitful field—that of "Middle State Realism." There was a mingling of strange races in the early history of the Middle States that produced types of character very different from the homogeneous New Englanders, who have been so tiresomely reproduced in fiction. Mr. Frederic caught the romance of the early times in Central New York, and put it in his story, "In the Valley." He gave a minute and accurate picture of decaying farm-life in the same region, at the present day, in "Seth's Brother's Wife." And now he presents us with a third phase of Central New York life—a growing manufacturing town which is in the transition state between village and city. In each of these stories he has shown varying capabilities, but all founded on a uniform method of careful observation, directed by that sympathy which men of force and feeling have for the home of their youth.

\* \* \*

THE impression which "The Lawton Girl" (Scribner's) most vividly produces is that here, at least, are men and women swayed by motives and circumstances which, one knows by experience, are now prevailing. The pathos and the force of it are of a kind with that which moves one every day. The people of "Thessaly," like the town itself, are in a state of rapid transition; the farm-house and the "city-block" jostle each other along the growing streets, just as the farmer's son and the aristocrat try their strength in the same law office. One must not expect beauty, symmetry, and elevation in such a turmoil. Much that is unlovely and undignified makes itself felt. The selfishness and unrest of American life are its strongest features, unrelieved by aesthetic sentiments; but cropping out in all the strata of this strange society is the vigorous, moral fibre of stern ancestors, striving to assert itself against materialism. The result is seen in philanthropic schemes which appeal alike to the plutocratic *Kate Minster* of this story, to *Tracy*, the self-made man, and to *Jessica Lawton*, the unfortunate girl who is "trying to live down" her one great error.

These schemes are true representatives of the many things which Americans are everywhere trying to accomplish in the name of Sociology.

\* \* \*

AS a story "The Lawton Girl" has abundantly the essential quality of human interest. You read the tale with eagerness, because you are interested intensely in the

group of people who move through its pages. It has a rather ingenious plot of a financial kind which is chiefly valuable, however, because it is best adopted to exhibit the traits of the characters of the story. You feel that the people evolved the plot, and not the plot the people.

And much must be said for the art of the telling—the skillful touches of color which give you visible images of the bustling town in all seasons. Then there are dramatic strokes which are swift and unexpected, as when *General Boyce* (whose own character had been disintegrating), sees in one small action the whole wretched weakness of his idolized son.

It is to be regretted that *Reuben Tracy*, who is meant to be a moral hero, is really a solemn prig, and that the wealthy *Minster* girls are gilded abstractions. But *Jessica Lawton*, *Horace*, and *Tenney* are so faithfully drawn that one forgets the shortcomings of the other.

The whole novel leaves behind it the conviction of serious purpose, patient work, and abundant knowledge of motive and character.

Droch.

## NEW BOOKS.

*IDLE THOUGHTS BY AN IDLE FELLOW.* By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

*Sons of the Soil.* By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormsley. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

*The House of the Wolfings.* By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

*Fancies.* By Ardennes Jones-Foster. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

*God and His World. An Interpretation.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Gettysburg and other Poems.* By Isaac R. Pennypacker. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

## PUTTING IT TO HIM STRAIGHT.

"WILL you marry me, Ethel?" said the youth. "My family is all that one could wish for —"

"Then why do you want me?"



## THE MONOPOLIST'S DREAM.

"IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT A SWEET VISION I SAW,  
AND THIRCE ERE THE MORNING I DREAMED IT AGAIN."

Campbell.

# THE WOMAN'S FRIEND.

A HOME JOURNAL FOR THE LADIES OF AMERICA.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1890.

NO. 1.

## ONLY A DAISY.

ONLY a daisy nestling there,  
What are you thinking, daisy fair?  
Only a buttercup yellow as gold  
Which always does as it is told.

Sweet little daisy whisper to me.  
Dear little buttercup, I go to thee.  
What do the angels say  
Out on the sea?

Daisies and buttercups, plucked on the lea,  
Daisies and buttercups, gathered for me,  
While the brook murmurs and the cows moo,  
I think they're just awfully sweet, don't you?  
OSHKOSH, 1890. ESTELLE MURPHY.

## HOW TO KEEP HUSBANDS HOME.

EVERY woman is at some time brought face to face with the great problem of how to keep her husband at home, provided she has a husband and a home. The best-hearted women are averse to using a broomstick for this purpose. The brave, loving women, who are the bulwarks of our homes, have at last discovered a means to do this without recourse to the violence from which every true woman instinctively shrinks. When you pour your husband's coffee or tea, have ready a sugar-bowl full of morphine, and put two or three teaspoonsful of it in his cup. Although he may have announced his intention of going to his club or the lodge, he will be very apt to change his mind, and if you pursue this course for a month or two, his habits will be entirely changed.

## THE TRUE WOMAN.

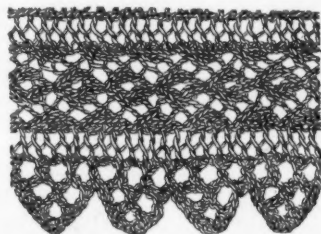
THE ideal of the true woman is one which every woman desires to attain, but the question is, what is the ideal of the true woman? The true woman should not swear at her husband and children unless they try her patience too far, and she should not spend more than three-quarters of the family income for seal-skin sacks, caramels and matinee tickets. She should not frequent billiard saloons or smoke a pipe in the presence of gentlemen. She should not color her hair more than three different shades in the same month, nor drive a four-in-hand to the races. She should not put her feet on the table when the minister is calling on the family, nor remark to her maiden aunt that "There are only a few of us left."

The true woman is the woman who keeps thoroughly informed of all that her neighbors are doing, and lets no guilty man escape. She should be quick in noting the wrong-doing of others and in giving vent to her disapproval. She should devote as much time as possible to sewing for the missionaries, remembering that even if her husband does complain of his dinners being badly cooked and that his clothes are not properly cared for, she is a martyr in a glorious cause. She should be at the head and front of all church fairs and sociables, and insist that the

newspaper reporters print her name in full. If, under these circumstances, she finds she is spending too much time at home, she should join a Browning club and take lessons in elocution. She might also devote a little time to the study of the mind cure and healing by faith.

## AN INEXPENSIVE HORSE-BLANKET.

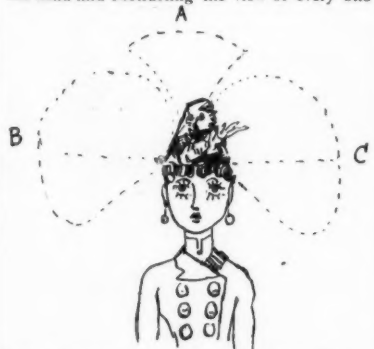
ALL that is necessary to make a horse-blanket which will be both durable and becoming is a



sufficient supply of 200 white thread and a large darning needle. Start your pattern, as above, on a cushion and then proceed as follows: Thirteen lock stitches, herring-bone style, then drop 2. Balance to partners and net 18. Three long cross-stitches, then elope to Jersey City. Make a chain of 8, and return by way of Philadelphia. Shake thoroughly in warm water and chain 3, drop 2. Scallop in the center and spank the baby. Double net at the lower edges and flee to Harlem. Crochet two rows on your partner's ace, and then apply to the nearest court of record for a *mandamus*.

## SOMETHING NEW IN THEATER HATS

A VERY effective hat for the theatre can be made at little expense on this plan. It possesses the two important advantages of being light on the head and obstructing the view of every one

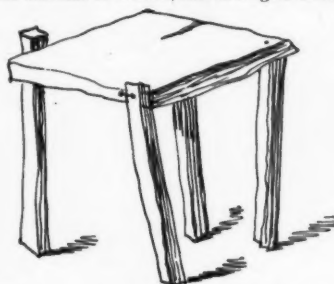


sitting behind it. It certainly is a shame if our sweet American girls cannot continue attending places of amusement and make themselves a nuisance to the rest of the audience. The dotted lines A, B and C show the flaps when unfolded.

This design is warmly indorsed by a bachelor friend of ours, who says: "From what I know of the female mind, I should think every theatre-going woman in the land would want one."

## A SUPERB PIECE OF FURNITURE.

THIS exquisite centre-table, for the drawing-room, can be constructed at slight expense by your husband or brother, and as long as no one



looks at it or tries to put anything on it will do just as well as a three-hundred-dollar mahogany one.

## OUR COOK BOOK.

**COUNTRY BISCUITS.**—One cupful of rancid butter, two of sugar, five of sawdust, a full quart of saleratus dissolved in a teacup of sour milk; add one mature egg and flavor to taste.

**ICE CREAM.**—There are many ways of making it, but if you want your husband to dine at home a second time, you had better get it from the confectioner.

**GEMS.**—One pint of flour, one of milk, two of Pond's Extract, one egg, and a teaspoonful of anything else. Beat the egg all night, and bake twenty minutes in some kind of a dish.

**DROPPED EGGS.**—Dropped eggs are best prepared by ascending to the roof and then dropping each egg on the sidewalk. Catch the egg when it bounds back, and boil over a hot fire for three weeks.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**MINNIE.**—You would better have the freckles amputated by a skillful surgeon.

**ANXIOUS MOTHER.**—As the baby is only six months old, perhaps the reason he cries nights is because he hasn't got over being sorry he was born. If he keeps it up, try feeding him three welch rarebits just before you put him to bed at night.

**CLARICE.**—No, we do not think the lady friend did right. She ought to pay back the five dollars she borrowed of the young man you are engaged to.

**BRIGITA.**—It is not customary to wear a decoletté costume at a wake. Mrs. Vanderbilt never does.

**BUD.**—Mrs. Langtry wears unbleached balbriggan, size 10½.

**MRS. X.**—Ladies in half-mourning do not usually wear red silk stockings.

**SUNNY SOUTH.**—The best ladies in New York do not, as a rule, dip snuff, although the habit is a growing one.

**FORTY-SIX.**—It is not contrary to the laws of New York for a lady to ask a gentleman's hand in marriage.

**HOW TO MAKE DAMASK PORTIERES OUT OF AN OLD PAIR OF TROUSERS.**—Go to any reliable dry goods house and purchase twelve yards of the best damask at \$16 a yard. Roll the trousers up carefully and give them to the poor. Very effective hangings can be produced in this manner.





## BRAIN-RACKING JURY DUTY.

*Bridget* : AN' HOW DO YES LOIK BEIN' ON TH' JURY, PATRICK ?

*Patrick* : IT'S SOME'AT CONFININ', BRIDGET !

*Bridget* : AN' IS IT HARRUD WORRICK ?

*Patrick* : WULL, IT'S AISY ENOUGH DECIDIN' PHICH SOID IS ROIGHT PHIN ONLY WAN IS OIRISH ; BUT IT'S HARRUD WORRICK DECIDIN' PHIN BOTH SOIDS IS OIRISH.

## REPARTEE EXTRAORDINARY.

"HOW does the world smell to you, with that long nose ?" said the donkey to the elephant.

"About as it sounds to you with those long ears," replied the elephant.

"How does the world taste to you with those big teeth ?" said the donkey.

"About as it feels to you with those big hoofs," replied the elephant.

"Are those two tails you have," said the donkey, "one before, and one behind ?"

"Are those two wings you have," replied the elephant, "one on each side of your head ?"

"Old pipe-line," said the donkey, "let me see you blow your nose."

"Old fog-horn," replied the elephant, "let me hear you sing."

"Your nose is too big for your body," said the donkey, "which is saying a great deal, and it must be very inconvenient for you."

"No more inconvenient," replied the elephant, "than it must be for you to have such a voice to sing, and such ears to hear it with."

"I believe," said the donkey, "you could put out a fire with a spout from that piece of hose of yours."

"Not if you fanned it with those ears, or with a blast from that throat of yours," replied the elephant.

And the donkey gave it up.

Austin Bierbower.

## MILITARY TERMS.



"THE FIRST ATTACK."



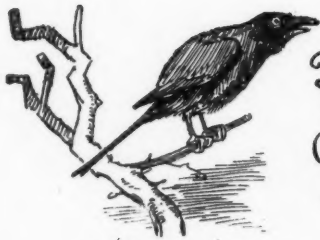
"UP IN ARMS."

## CHICAGOANS FOR ONE THING.

NEW YORKER : Have you seen the *Merchant of Venice* ?

CHICAGO MAN : No ; what does he sell ?





Spring is  
where  
here

The Robin comes this  
time of year  
And then we feel that  
Spring is here.



But Robin is no  
sooner fixed  
Than Sleet & hail  
Get matters mixed



A blizzard & a  
fall of snow  
They where's the  
Spring we'd like  
to know?

#### ONE FREEMAN IN GOTHAM.

**QUIET CITIZEN:** Yes, that's my boy; don't look much like me, does he—six feet high, strong as an ox, brave as a lion? I've had him trained by the biggest prize-fighters in the country, and he can handle half a dozen thugs and plug-uglies with one hand.

**OLD FRIEND:** My goodness! You haven't brought him up for a pugilist, have you?

**QUIET CITIZEN:** Oh, no. But we live in the lower wards of New York, and I desire that he shall be able to vote as he pleases.

#### HIS SOURCE OF INFORMATION.

**CUMSO:** Well, we have a cold wave at last.

**MRS. CUMSO:** Cold wave! Why, it's positively warm to-day.

**CUMSO:** I thought so myself till I read what the Signal Service had to say about it.

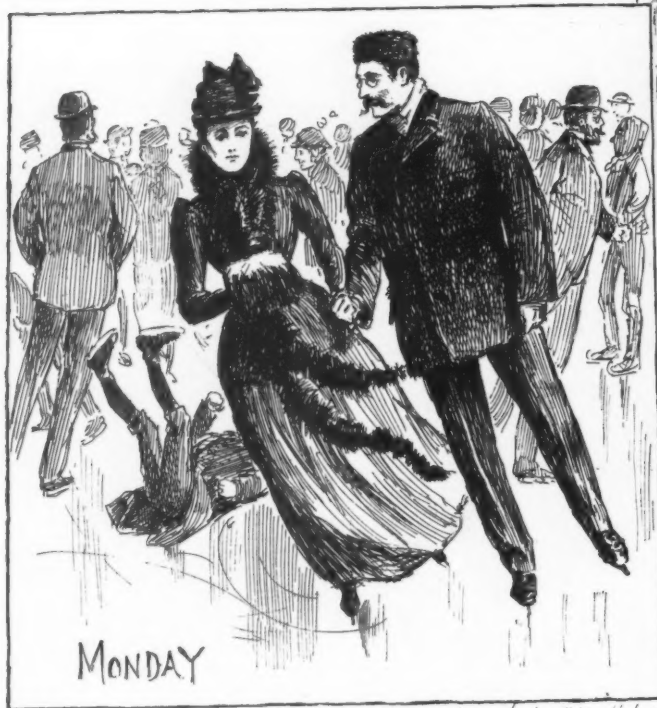
#### KNOW HIS BUSINESS.

**TRAIN ROBBER (to passengers in Pullman):** Be not alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, what few valuables you have left you are welcome to. I would be obliged, however, if some gentleman would direct me to the porter's quarters.

**"MEAN?"** Why, Brown is so mean that should he be fortunate to reach Heaven, he will kick because there is no fire there."

"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT PROFITS NOBODY."

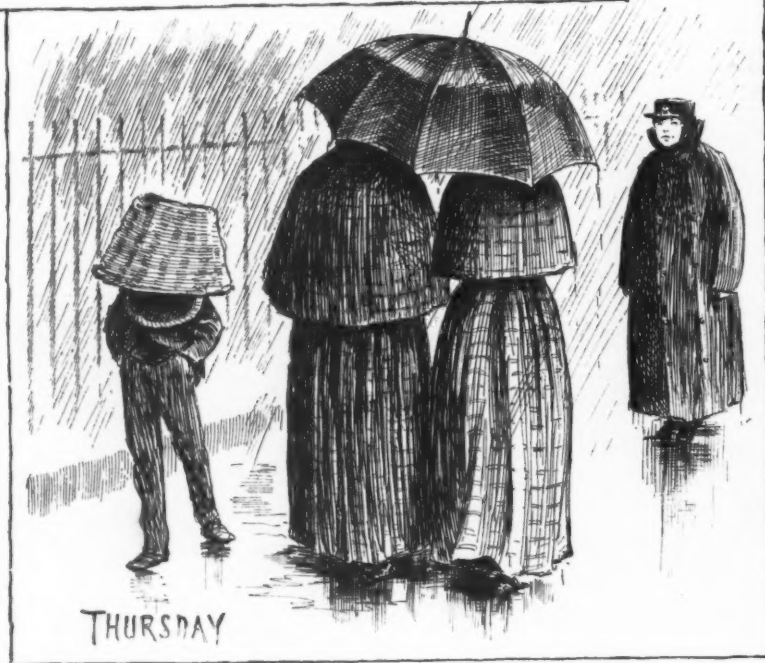




MONDAY



TUESDAY



THURSDAY



FRIDAY



SUNDAY

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF  
WHAT A WEEK MAY BRING

LIFE.



RATIONS OF SPRING.  
K MAY BRING FORTH.

T. S. Sullivan





## AT DALY'S.

"**H**AROUN AL RASCHID AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW," Mr. Daly's latest production, is a mirthful piece. It is almost pure farce from the beginning to the end, and is rich in ludicrous surprises which follow fast in each other's footsteps. Mr. John Drew as *Arthur Hummingtop*, the modern caliph, bears the burden of the piece, and he does it with a grace and finish that are of vital importance in a play of this character. In fact, a less finished actor would find it very difficult to keep an audience in such excellent humor, with the material at his command. He is not only exquisitely funny in the various dilemmas which perpetually overwhelm him, but his native dignity and refinement add much to a character, which, in other hands might suffer seriously from the absence of those qualities.

Miss Isabel Irving as *Daisy Maitland*, leaves little to be desired. And, as usual, she is natural and unaffected, and causes a general feeling of regret that she is on the stage so little.

In the role of *Hummingtop's* mother-in-law, Mrs. Gilbert is, of course, at home, and the manner in which her ambitious dreams for her son, *Joshua*, are cruelly thwarted in the end, is very amusing.

Mr. Bond, an actor, by the way, of unusual versatility, makes an excellent *Joshua*.

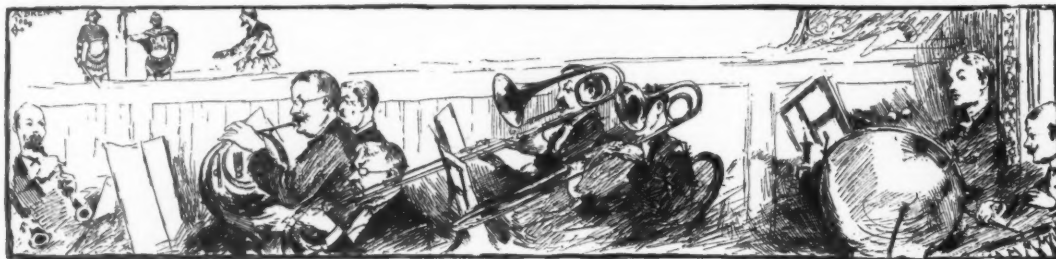
Miss Kitty Cheatham makes the most of *Rosa Colombier*, late of the circus; and the same may be said of Miss Chalmers, who appears as *Hummingtop's* wife.

**I**TALIAN music at the Metropolitan Opera House! It is bearding the Wagner in his den. And the astounding feature of it all is that the audiences are enthusiastic and honestly enjoy it. Can it be, after all, that there is room in this world for any operas save those of Wagner? The very thought is sacrilege. Is it possible that we have sunk to such an abyss of degradation that the being is allowed to go unpunished who prefers other music to that of Germany? Perish the thought!



The prize-fighter's youngest: PERHAPS YOU'LL PUT WATER IN MY MILK AGAIN, YOU THIEF!

**I**T has been aggressively maintained in this community during the last few years, and with justice, that he or she who failed to enjoy this composer's efforts was not only a pitiable imbecile but an offensive crank. This, of course, is perfectly right and proper. Everything is fun for those who enjoy it. We have no excuse to offer for the frivolous wretch who finds in Italian opera a pleasure that Wagner fails to give. There is no good reason why he should derive enjoyment from a style of music which no patriotic German respects. The writer of this article has been deeply mortified more than once of late at finding a real pleasure in listening to the good singing and graceful melodies of this Italian school.





AMBIGUOUS.

"WELL, I POPPED THE QUESTION TO POLLY LAST NIGHT."  
 "WHAT DID SHE DO?"  
 "SHE SAT ON ME."

ONE misses, moreover, at these performances, the conversation from the boxes. An ill-bred silence is perceptible throughout the house whenever there is singing on the stage. It is unfair, perhaps, to expect a different behavior from those who take pleasure in such entertainments. They either have no conversational abilities or are too ignorant to display them at such a time.

Doubtless there could be found among these audiences men and women who would express dissatisfaction at having nothing but Wagner throughout the winter. There are always people who are never satisfied.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

NOW Cholly schemes to gratify Miranda at the opera,  
 And by his plan to Pattify  
 Her, finds free lunches properer.

"NAW, (said Pat), Oi'm rason-able; Oi wouldn't ixpict t' see shnakes in Oireland even if I had delirium tremors."

THE PALMS.

HE:

WE are now where none can see.  
 Where's the kiss you promised me?

SHE:

I said I'd give a kiss to thee,  
 When *none* could see.

HE:

This palm will hide us from the crowd,  
 Lift your lips—my head is bowed.

SHE:

Don't you dare! No kiss from me!  
 Remember, sir, that *I* can see.

HE:

(Placing his hand over her eyes).  
 This palm will hide us from *your* eyes,  
 (Exultingly),  
 The prompt and daring win the prize.  
 (Slight commotion, followed by something  
 that sounds like "tsip."\*)

[\*Poets have been trying for centuries to express the kiss by a combination of letters. The above is modestly offered for experiment.]



Professor of Astronomy: STRIKES ME SHENTRIFUGAL FORSH MUST BE SORTER WEAK TO-NIGHT, OR ELSE GRAVITASHON'S TAKEN A FRESH HOLD.



## SOME CURIOUS SIGHTS.

WHO'S seen the cat fish in the stream,  
Or the meadow lark in the grass,  
Who's seen the wind fall in the cream,  
And the tree bough as we pass?

Who's seen a monkey wrench a nail,  
Or the peanut stand and smile,  
Who's seen the wagon tire and fall,  
While the fish balls all the while?

—New York Herald.

AT the Yonne assizes, before the trial of a certain case, the presiding judge remarked, on seeing the court crowded with ladies: "The persons composing the audience are probably not aware of the nature of the case about to be tried. I therefore feel it incumbent on me to request all respectable women to withdraw."

Not one of the ladies stirred from her place.

"Usher," the judge continued, "now that all the respectable women have left, turn the others out."—*La Caricature*.

WALKER: What causes all this racket about the millinery stores?

JONES: Oh, those are the spring styles coming in.—*Dry Goods Chronicle*.

A TRAMP applied to a crusty merchant for a small loan.

"It's against my principles," he said, "to give money to such fellows as you."

"I hope, sir," said the tramp, "that you will change your mind in my case; I want so little, you know."

"How much will satisfy you?"

"You may determine that, sir."

"Well, here's a nickel; now don't spend it for whisky."

"You might do that, sir," said the tramp, taking the money, "but I won't."

"I might?" queried the merchant. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean that you look like a man that would drink five-cent whisky, and I know I'm not that kind. Good day;" and he disappeared hurriedly.—*Merchant Traveler*.

SHE: But why is Miss C—— wearing black?

HE: She is mourning for her husband.

SHE: Why, she never had a husband.

HE: No; that is why she mourns.—*Pick Me Up*.

AMERICAN HEIRESS: Ma, the Scotch lord has invited me to see the new tragedy with him to-night, and I see by the papers that the star is ill, and the drama will not be produced. Its awfully provoking.

Ma: That does not matter, dear. You have seen that tragedy once, and no doubt some other play will be presented. Go with him, of course.

AMERICAN HEIRESS (after the performance): You sat through that comedy without a smile, and it was awfully funny, too. I nearly died laughing.

SCOTCH LORD: Why didn't ye tell me it was a comedy. I bought stalls for a tragedy.—*Pick Me Up*.

## Fine Complexion.

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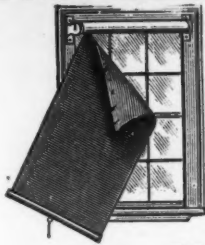
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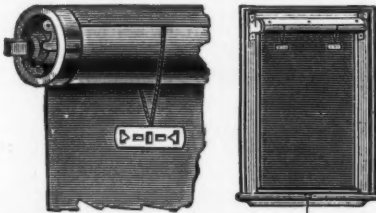




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HE: By the bye, talking of old times, do you remember that occasion when I made such an awful ass of myself?

SHE: Which!

—Punch.

"AND is that Liberty?" asked the immigrant, pointing to the statue as the vessel entered the harbor.

"Yes," said the sailor, "that is Liberty."

"Then give me death!" cried the immigrant, and he jumped overboard.—N. Y. Sun.

"WHAT is the matter with that baby?" growled an irascible husband, as the little one persisted in howling and kicking to the extent of its little might.

"The matter is, sir," calmly replied the wife, as she strode up and down the floor, "the matter is that this baby inherits your temper."

And the husband returned to his paper with a gloomier face than before.—Boston Courier.

ONE day in the Senate Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Evarts were chaffing each other about their youth and their giddiness in society. "You ought to quit," said Senator Edmunds, "and rest a while. This thing of your running around in society, sitting up of nights, eating big dinners, and drinking all these different kinds of wines, will lay you out, sure." Senator Evarts shook his head. "It isn't the different kinds of wines," he said sadly, "it's the indifferent kinds."—Washington Star.

"You will have to give me another room, I guess," said a Congressman to the hotel clerk.

"What's the matter? Aren't you comfortable where you are?"

"Well, not exactly. The German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarinet so that I thought I never would get to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you please,' said the German, 'dot you would schmore of der same key. You vas go from B flat to G und it schpoils der moosic.'"—Washington Post.

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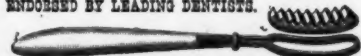
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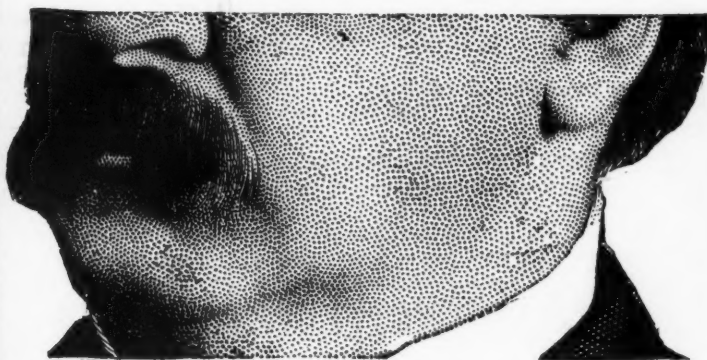


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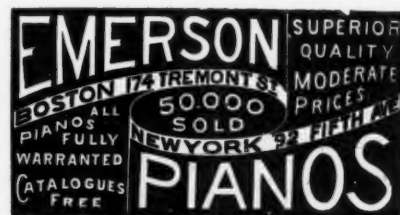
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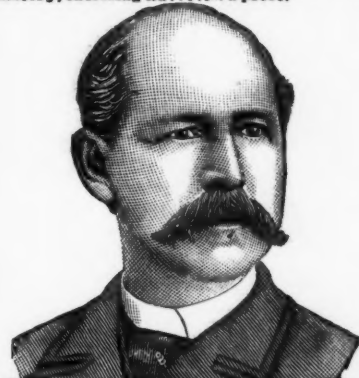
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"Why not?" inquired the man with a shotgun.  
"The game," the bird replied, "is fair, as you say; the chances are about even; but consider the stake. I am in it for you, but what is there in it for me?"  
Not being prepared with an answer to the question, the man with a shotgun sagaciously removed the propounder.—*New York Star.*  
"COME and dine with me to-morrow."  
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